HISTORICAL SKETCH.

Pocahontas, the Indian Princess.

The history of Pocahontas, the lovely Indian maiden, is both curious and romantic.

She was the daughter of Powatan, a celebrated Indian warrior or emperor, who ruled over several powerful tribes, and whose hostility to first white settlers in America, at Jamestown, was for many years a source of great anxiety and excitement to the English.

The governor of the white colonists was Captain John Smith, a soldier who had gained brilliant laurels in many a hard fight, and whose indomitable courage and readiness of resource eminently qualified him to conciliate the warlike, treacherous tribes who were continually harrassing the white and endangering their lives.

By his fearlessness, his exceptional power of winning confidence, and his appropriate presents, he generally managed to obtain from the Indians a good supply of corn and provisions; but on one occasion, in 1606, he ventured into the interior with but two attendants, and was surrounded by a large body of savages. His companions were killed and himself taken prisoner.

"He was led in triumph through many parts of the country, and then brought before Powhatan. * * * His entrance was greated with a great shout from all present, but the tiger-like roar of several hundred Indians, exulting and trembling, failed to move a muscle in the countenance of the prisoner. * * * Before a large fire, on a seat like a bedstead, sat Powhatan, covered with a great robe of raroweum skins, and looking a tall, powerfully built old man, finely portioned, with white hair, and a countenance stern and ominous.

"On his right hand sat his daughter, Pocahontas, a perfect model of Indian beauty at its most attractive period, when the young girl just expanding into womanhood combines the loveliest attributes of both—wild, yet bashful; quick in transition, yet gentle and affectionate; slender and stately as a young palm tree, the small head proudly carried, with a wild nobility of look characteristic of the freedom of the forest; the features pale and statuesque, lighted up by the luminous, fawn like eyes, full of tremulous light stealing through the long dark lashes, every movement of the subtle form and unfettered limbs show the superiority of Nature over Art, alike graceful in action or repose. Her hands and feet were small and symmetrically formed, while over the pictuesque tunic and mantle, bordered with swansdown and ermine as denoting the virgin daughter of an Indian king, floated the long silken tresses of bluest black, fancifully wreathed with shells and flowers, the arched instep and rounded arms displayed the same gay ornaments."

Such was Pocahontas, as she sat by her father's side and gazed with wondering, admiring eyes on the prisoner—the heroic Captain John Smith, of whose bold deeds she had heard so much, and whose calm fortitude in the presence of his captors appealed irreistibly to her heart, filled as it was with all an Indian's courage and daring.

When the excitement and uproar caused by the appearance of so distinguished a captive had partially subsided, "the Queen of Appamatuk" was appointed to bring the prisoner water to wash his hands, another female a bunch of feathers instead of a napkin to dry them. Then being abundently feasted after their best barbarous manner, a long consultation was held, after which two great stones, or powcorances, were brought and laid at the feet of Powhatan. These stones but too well declared the fate of the prisoner, for they were the stones of sacrific, and the assembled mass of savage humanity heaved and strugged more fiercely toward the completion of the rite.

All was tumult and excitement. Pocahontas had left her father's side, and thrown herself in agony on the ground before him, twining her beautiful arms around his knees, and entreating with wild supplications and many tears, mercy for the prisoner. Unmoved by her appeal, Powhatan made a sign; a dreadful rush upon the prisoner followed. Every hand strove to reach him, and as many as could, by no means, get hold of him seized and dragged him to the fatal stones and forced down his head upon them, in order to beat out his brains with their war clubs, which were already uplifted and swinging to destroy him, when with a wild resounding shriek, tearing through every obstacle that would impede her progress, Pocahontas forced her way among them, threw herself across his breast, and laid her head on his, prepared to yield her own young life ere his should be sacrificed.

The desending clubs were suddenly arrested, hoarse murmurs arose, but were instantly quelled by Powhatan, whose mood changed toward his prisoner, and, as the old history quaintly remarks, "the emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets.

In order to partially appease the disappointed spectators, the victim was not then set free, "but carried off to a great house in the woods, and subjected to every experiment their art could devise in order to intimidate him.

At last he was permitted to return to his companions at Jamestown; and thither in a few days "came the lovely Princess Pocahontas, and her wild train, bearing provisions to the starving colonists." Nor was this the only visit she paid to the English settlers, which invariably received her with the most respectful admiration.

Captain Smith has himself recorded how much he and his people owed to her tact, assistance and intervention; and he freely acknowledges that her services contributed largely to keep up for many years a friendly intercourse between the white settlers and the Indians.

Pocahontas was, no doubt, attracted toward the brave, chivalrous captain by love, in its purest and most disinterested form; and though he appears never to have felt for her anything stronger than the warmest gratitude and the highest esteem, this does not seem to have made any difference in the solicitude shown by Pocahontas in his welfare.

She neither sought for nor would receive any reward; once, during a visit paid by Captain Smith to Powhatan's quarters to purchase corn, the savage chieftain meditated a surprise to capture or slaughter all the whites in his dominions. Pocahontas, being aware of this, waited till the darkness enabled her to steal out unobserved, when she traversed the woods nine miles and warned Captain Smith out of danger. For this great service the Captain offered her some trinkets, such as most Indian maidens dearly coveted, but she refused to accept them; she would not even partake of refreshments and hurriedly retraced her steps "through the irksome woods in the dark night." Great was her joy when, shortly after, she heard that her father's murderous plan had been defeated.

This formidable Indian chieftain, Powhatan dearly loved his daughter; but her zeal on behalf of the English settlers greatly angered him, and with view to counteract her beneficial and enlightened influence, "he sent her away to the leader of a neighboring tribe, Japawzaws, chief of the Potomacs."

Captain Smith had given up his post at Jamestown, and in 1611 his friend, Captain Angell, whose ship was then lying in the river Potomac, conceived the idea of taking Pocahontas prisoner with a view to induce her father to enter into more favorable negotiations with him. Angell had often heard his gallant friend speak of Pocahontas as the "nonpariel of Virginia," and curiosity as well as policy induced him to make every effort to gain posession of her. He visited Japawzaws and endeavored to persuade him to allow Pocahontas to come as a visitor and look at his ship. Japawzaws made no sign of having heard what was meant. But Capt. Angell knew his man, or rather found out his weak point; he produced a large copper kettle, and no sooner had the wily old chieftain's eyes alighted on this tempting bauble, than his scruples were overpowered and he allowed his ward, Pocahontas, to fall into the hands of Captain Angell.

The entrapped Indian princess wept long and bitterly when she discovered herself a prisoner, she was sent to Jamestown, "which seemed a sad return for all her disinterested kindness to that place and its inhabitants." Her father offered five hundred bushels of corn as a ransome for her, but they were not accepted. As the beautiful prisoner was treated kindly by her captors, she gradually became reconciled to her lot, and being naturally intelligent and very desirous to learn, she soon acquired a knowledge of English under the instructions of a brave and religiously-minded young officer, named John Rolfe.

During her captivity she was visited by two of her brothers, who were delighted to find her so well cared for and contented. She declared to them that she had no wish to return to her father, and she spoke of her young tutor with the liveliest gratitude. When they took leave of her, Rolfe accompanied them and informed them he desired to marry their lovely sister. The brothers informed Powhatan, who gave his consent to the union; he was not present at her marriage, but he sent her two brothers and one of her uncles to represent him and fulfill all necessary formalities.

Pocahontas had already embraced the Christian religion; and had been baptized in the Christian faith receiving the name of Rebecca. Early in April, 1614, in the little English chapel, handsomely decorated for the occasion with garlands of evergreens, interspersed with wild flowers, this more than usually interesting wedding took place. "The bride was arrayed in a simple tunic of white muslin, leaving her arms bare. Over her shoulders was loosely thrown an elegant robe, presented by Sir Thomase Dale, and fancifully embroidered by herself and her maids. A rich fillet bound her hair, and from her head drooped a veil of gause and the plumage of birds. Her arms were encircled with simple bracelets and her feet with slippers of her own handiwork. Rolfe was attired as an English cavalier, and upon his thigh he wore the short sword of a gentleman of distinction in society. The result of this union was the continuance of the most friendly relation between the English settlers and the Indians as long as Powhatan lived."

In 1616 she accompanied her husband to England, where she was presented as an Indian princess to James I. and his queen, and quickly became and object of interest and a great curiosity to all classes. While she stayed in London Captain Smith called to see her. For some reason or other, both she and her father had long ago been led to consider the brave captain as dead; and when she beheld him she was so overwhelmed with emotion that she turned aside to weep. She naturally felt indignant at being so deceived; his presence recalled old memories; the difference between now and then rushed over her with overpowering force, for three hours she was incapable of any conversation. At the end of this time she partially recovered herself, and as she talked to the captain her natural geniality and vivavicty returned. In the course of the conversation she called Smith father. He expressed himself unworthy of this distinction, but she insisted, saying: "You called Powhatan father, when you were in his land a stranger, and for the same reason so must I do you. Fear you I should here call you father? I tell you I will, and you must call me child, and then I shall be forever and ever your country-woman."

This pure-minded, interesting woman remained in England about twelve months, winning the regard and the affection of many who came in contact with her. In 1617, while preparing to embark with her husband for Virginia, she was suddenly ill at Gravesend and in a short time died. She was thus stricken down in the prime of her woman-hood, being only twenty-two. She left one son, who became in after years of prominence in Virginia. She was the first Indian convert in the British colonies; the first native who learned to speak English, and the first who was united in marriage to an Englishman."

Her character throughout shines in its beauty. Her human and generous heart her ardor and unshaken constancy in her attachments, her unwearied kindness and disinterested service to the English settlers, which no opposition and no difficulties could prevent her carrying out, tend to make her one of the most remarkable and lovable of beautiful women.

More Fun Than Fly Loo.

"While I was on the Union Pacific," said the conductor, I made up my mind to break up card playing, because it led to so many disputes. The boys used to get the best of me, however, and they always had a substitute for Hoyle's game of chance. The best I ever saw was one time when we were coming east from Ogden. There were four in a party, and one of them had a common cigar box with a hole cut in the center of the top. Within was a cockroach. Each of the party placed a piece of lump sugar on the corner of the box nearest to him as it was placed in the middle of the quatet. The 'ante' was a dollar, and the game was to see which lump of sugar the roach would tackel first when it came up through the hole. His highness made his appearance soon after the chunks of sweetness were placed in position. The fun then began. The roach would take a survey of the situation and then dart for one corner.

Just as the lucky owner would think his sugar was to be seized and the stake won, the roach would turn suddenly around and go for another lump. Thus the excitement would be continually on the rise, and the outside bets would commence. Sometimes it would be twenty minutes before the roach would light on a lump, and only those who have seen this game can imagine the interest created. Why, poker is nowhere in comparison, and the night I speak of it caused more confounded trouble on my car than fifty games of cards. The ladies grew wild over the game. I must confess I got interested myself, and came near missing some local fares. The roach game kept up all the way to Cheyenne, and over $700 had changed hands among the players, to say nothing of outside winnings. I was afterward told that the man who had the box had just come out $1,500 ahead of the game in 'Frisco, and that there it was all the rage."

Very, Very True.

The following is taken from a recent issue of the New York *Sun*, and is more truthful than poetical:

If country newspaper proprietors were to publish the names of the subscribers who take, read, enjoy and are gratified by—yet refuse to pay for their home papers, and especially, of those who borrow the local paper, the reputation of most communities for moral honesty would depreciate twenty per cent. An editor's labor is seldom esteemed or compensated. A lawyer will give you five minutes advice on one topic and charge you five dollars for it. An editor will give you advice on a hundred different topics and charge you five cents for it—a copy of his paper. And very often five cents given to the editor would save dollars given to a lawyer. In fact no other business men are so universally robbed and swindled out of their labor and capital, as country newspaper publishers.

We hope our readers will study the wisdom in the following which we clip from an esteemed exchange: "Do not laugh at the drunken man reeling through the streets, however ludicrous the sight may be; just stop to think, he is going home to some tender heart that will throb with intense agony; some doting mother, perhaps, who will grieve over the downfall of her once sinless boy; or it may be a fond wife, whose heart will almost burst with grief as she views the destruction of her idol; or it may be a loving sister who will shed bitter tears of degradation over her brother, shorn of his manliness and self-respect. Rather drop a tear in silent sympathy with those hearts so keenly sensitive and tender, yet so proud and loyal that they cannot accept sympathy tendered them either in word, look, or act, although it might fall upon their crushed and wounded hearts as refreshingly as the summer dew upon the withering plant."

Bob. Ingersoll, the great native heathen, expresses himself as follows in regard to the alleged struggle between labor and capital: "Here is a shoe shop. One man in the shop is always busily at work during the day—always industrious. In the evening he goes courting a good, nice girl. There are five other men in the shop who don't do any such thing. They spend half of their working hours in loafing and their working evenings in dissipation. The first young man by and by cuts out from these others, and gets a boot and shoe store of his own. Then he marries the girl. Soon he is able to take his wife out to ride of an evening. The five laborers, his former companions, who see him indulging in this luxury, retire to a neighboring saloon and pass a resolution that their is an eternal struggle between labor and capital."

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

BY mutual consent the partnership existing between Klingelhofer & Sigg has this day been dissolved, the said J. E. Klingelhofer continuing partner assumes all debts of said firm and collects all accounts and pays all indebtedness pertaining to said firm. J. E. KLINGELHOFER,
CHARLES SIGG.
Florida, Ohio, July 3, 1886. jly 8-4t*